

THE ADVOCATE.

RUNNING A PAPER UNDER DIFFICULTY

The Troubles of an Editor Who Was Controlled by a Board of Directors.

A certain newspaper not over a thousand miles from Detroit was once owned and operated by a syndicate of lawyers, business men and politicians. About half of the board of directors at first wanted the fun and honor of running the paper. So whenever one of them fancied he had an idea in his head he would run up to the office and interview the managing editor.

Director No. 1's idea was that the editor and reporters were loafing most of the time, because they were not in the building every minute of the day like his own mill hands.

"Do you give your whole time to the paper?" he asked one day of the managing editor.

"Oh, no," said the editor. "I take seven or eight hours for sleep, and an hour or more for meals, a quarter of an hour for dressing in the morning, five minutes undressing at night. I don't shave, so there's five or ten minutes saved there, but I black my own boots; that takes time. Then there's the time going to and coming from the office. Sometimes I lie awake an hour or two at night thinking out some scheme for the paper. That ought to offset the time I take for meals. It seems to me, though, as if I gave all the rest of the time to the paper."

"Humph! You ought to write more for it! Three columns a day, at least."

"I saw the gas burning here as late as 12 o'clock one night. The gas bills are something frightful," said Director No. 2 when he called.

"Yes; well, you see this is a morning paper, and it gets pretty dark by midnight, and along until the paper goes to press the compositors—those are the men that set the types, you know—they can't read everybody's copy in the dark, and so whenever they come across a piece of copy they are not familiar with we have to light the gas for them. Probably when you came by the office that night they had just struck a piece of that kind of copy."

"Oh, of course, if it's necessary, we can't object; but don't burn any more than you actually need."

Director No. 3 remarked:

"I don't altogether like what you copy from other papers. I don't think it's very interesting. Now, I've taken The Observer for many years, and there's a lot of interesting reading matter in that. When I get through with it hadn't I better send the paper down to you and you can copy things out of it? I have kept a file of it for years, so I wouldn't like to have you cut it."

"Oh, yes, send it along. I won't cut anything out of it."

Another director came in one day and remarked:

"That's a fine article you've got on the editorial page this morning! Gets me in a nice mess! Why, the man's one of my best friends and he'll lay for me. Who wrote it?"

"Mr. Jackson."

"Well, Jackson is a fool. He's no more judgment than a sheep. We ought to get rid of him."

In order to appease Mr. Director, the editor a few days afterward had another article prepared carefully, talking back what had been said and making a veiled apology for it.

In came Director No. 5.

"You've made an awful mistake; you ought to stick to what you said last week. That was just right. It hit the nail on the head, went right to the spot. Now you've gone and taken water on it. You ought to consult Jackson about these things. His judgment on such matters is excellent."

By this time the editor began to think how his name would look at the bottom of a resignation.—Exchange.

Shopping in Cairo.

During their stay in Cairo, the late Canon Liddon and his sister, Mrs. King, occasionally went shopping, and the lady gives the following account of oriental bartering: "De Nicola (the courier) asked the price of an article, and then offered one half; the seller protested he never altered his price; then De Nicola folded up the goods, put them on a chair, and said, 'Very well, do not waste more words. I shall give you so-and-so.' The merchant screamed; De Nicola gesticulated; then they shook hands, touched foreheads, etc., and I thought the matter was arranged, when De Nicola whispered to us, 'Now the real battle is going to begin.' They screamed, stamped, thumped, and finally De Nicola threw back all our purchases, and said we would go to another shop, naming it. At once the salesman caved in, and protested he would rather give us his goods than that we should go away empty handed, and so the purchase was conducted with smiles, handshakings and the usual greetings of lip and forehead, and a backsheesh was given us into the bargain."—London News.

Increase of Commerce.

The completion of the railroad to Tampico, Mexico, has caused such an increase in the commerce at that port that the minister of finance has petitioned congress to authorize the employment of a larger force in the custom house.

A Book Three Thousand Years Old.

A most extraordinary papyrus was discovered at Memphis, supposed to be more than 3,000 years old. It measured 100 feet in length. It is a "funeral roll," and is preserved in the British Museum.—St. Nicholas.



WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that.

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

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for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25 cent bottle may save you \$100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. HOOKER & Co., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

HEBER JENKINS' DISADVANTAGES.

A New England Farmer to Whom Everything Seemed to Have Gone Wrong.

Heber Jenkins was one of those people who are ready to prove at all times that their lack of success in what they undertake is due to causes quite apart from themselves. It cannot be said that this faculty made Heber Jenkins happy, but it seemed to afford him a certain degree of satisfaction. "It does beat all," he often said, "how everything has allus gone right th' other way o' th' gain w'th me ever sence I was born!"

"In th' fust place, thar was my brother Abe's dyin; he was the oldest, an ef he hedn't 'a' died when he did, like's not I wouldn't 'a' hed ter lay out time tryin ter git eddikation over t' th' Ashville 'cademy—whar I never larnt a namable thing—jest 'cause 'twas fittin th' oldest Jenkins sh'd have a taste o' books!"

"Well, then, when I come home, in course my hand was all aut's fur's farmin was consarned, but I hed ter put right to and work like all possessed, hoein an grubbin raoun, and frequent not gittin more'n a couple of haours' stiddy rest fr'm mornin till sundown, 'cept when it come meal time; and father all the time kinder haoundin of me on to work ev'ry time he see me settin daown er leanin up anywhere. Seemed ter consider 't I was lazy if I stopped workin ter kinder look raound 's much as a minute."

"Well, then, thar's my marryin. I was so well favored by nater that all the gals they smiled on me continous, an finally I tuk up with Mandy Hobbs."

"She was a pooty gal, an hes been a good woman, an I ain't got nothin ter say agin her, but ye see her father kep' a shoeshop, an thar warn't no special call fer shoes, so he didn't git very forehanded."

"To be sure he made some, pegg'n an mendin, but I warn't no hand ter peg, try's I might; so after hitchin 'long a spell t'gether, him an me giv' up tryin ter kerry on the trade in company, an es we hed a few words 'bout it I tuk Mandy an our two little gals an come over t' this farm; an it proved ter be 'bout all run aut, though 'twas rep'sented ter be in a prosp'ous state b' the man I bought it of."

"I hed an openin ter go to Headbury in the haouse paintin business, an I'd better 'v' took up with it."

"Then thar's my gals! Not a boy 'mongst 'em ter help keep things straight on th' farm. Six gals! To be sure, they do what they ken—hoein and horseakin and sech light work, but all the left comes on me, an here I be, gettin on ter be fifty years old most!"

"I tell ye," Heber remarked one day, as he sat in the barn doorway and watched a thunderstorm roll up, while his daughters, with a small "hired boy," got in two big loads of hay, "I tell ye ef Abe hedn't 'd' died when he did, er ef I'd died 'stead o' him, er ef I'd staid single an married M'ry Hallet an gone inter butcherin w'th her father, er ef 'bout three o' my gals hed been good, likely boys, er ef I'd staid with Mandy's father an gone ter Headbury, like's not I sh'd 'a' been willin ter set at m' ease naow an agin in my old age; an been able ter favor my rheumatics some, thet I laid th' foundations of goin ter church so stiddy, when I was lookin toward Mandy!"

"But laws! I ken put up with my lot, I s'pose, though thar's some would 'a' sunk under sech trials long ago," concluded the afflicted man, quite unconscious of the meaning of the smile on his visitor's face.—Youth's Companion.

Grass Seed Flour.

Many kinds of grass seed are used to make flour for bread and mush of excellent quality. Along the rivers in Colorado and Arizona grass seeds are collected in large quantities and supply a much valued winter food for the Indians. They are ground into flour, mixed with water into a dough, and cakes of the latter are baked in the hot sand.—Washington Star.

The Fashion in Cans.

Cane varnishing is a thing of the past. The luster of the wood may be given the unglistered smoothness that careful oiling imparts, and the stick, whether bark covered or not, must not be light in color.—Clothes and Furnisher.

The Demand Greater Than the Supply.

A dearth of jelly glasses is reported. Fruit has been so abundant and cheap that all thrifty housewives have indulged in preserve making. Now the problem is how to keep the product. The glass factories are hard at work, but find difficulty in meeting the demand for their wares.

VAGABONDS OF TIDE AND FIELD.

Admiral Murray on the Wholesome Delights of Outdoor Life.

What a splendid freemasonry this is of outdoor life! How gentle and generous its rivalries! Which head shall dive deepest in the cool depths or speck the white surf farthest from shore? Which rod shall lift the heaviest trout or gun show to its credit the fullest bag of game? Whose deck shall shine the cleanest, or whose white sails shall lead the fleet to evening's anchor-ago! Whose table of bark shall boast of the tenderest venison or lodge front display for ornament the noblest spread of antlers! Whose rifle is truest to the camp when food is scarce, or is silent longest when game is plenty and the larder over full!

These are the generous and healthy rivalries of the outdoor life which stimulate but never fret, and leave both victor and vanquished healthy and happy still. Compare with these the scramble for wealth; the rivalries for gain, the suicidal despair of some, the vain and boastful bearing of others, the bitterness and ruin of those who lose, the arrogance of those who win, the sneering envyings and rankling jealousies, ripening to hatred as the years grow on, which characterize the lives men live in store, office and street, and note the contrast.

Who of us frank spoken and kind hearted vagabonds of tide and field, of deck and camp, are envious of any? Each man we meet is comrade, fellow picnicker, brother man, partner of ours in the sweet profits of our healthy, happy, natural life. Mild mannered and light hearted wanderers, boys with smooth or wrinkled faces, gray headed some of us, but boys still, thank God; canoeists, campers, yachtsmen, our fires are lighted on a thousand shores and our evening song floats over a thousand lakes and island studded rivers. We are a family of nature's saints. Our spirits have been touched and softened by the sweet grace of nature.

We have been indoctrinated in the truths that shine out of stars and which the blue heavens declare at noon and night. The leaves of the catechism we have studied have been the flowery meadows, the voiceful slopes of mountains, the shining beaches, the whispering leaves of trees, the thunder shaken firmanent, or the star lighted depth of level waters. From these un-Calvinistic text books we have learned sweet lessons of God, whose gentleness we saw in the very leaves we studied. Our souls have drank the waters of life, fresh from native fountains, and our spirits have bathed their sears in rivers which flow from him whose voice is as the sound of many waters.

All hail! Ye healthy blooded, healthy minded, kindly hearted, gentle mannered saints of flood and field, of hill and river, of ear and sail, of deck and camp; your smiling faces rise before me in 'thousands, and your voices, in happy talk, in joke and song, come from afar and stir the silence around me into laughter. Joke, laugh and rest on, ye thrifty vagabonds and gentle loafers; into each hour you are storing the honey of health, on which in future days of toil and strain your strength shall feed and fill itself with vigor. I hail you, fellow saints, in this lower heaven of God, where each happy one is his own priest, each pure mind its own creed, and the gentle wishes of each heart its only "sun and substance" of doctrine.—Forest and Stream.

Improvising a Dress Suit.

"About eight years ago," said Auditor Joseph Brown, "I was in London, England. One day I bought a stall to see Patti at the Royal. A stall corner, responds to our boxes. When the evening came I took the ladies around and walked in at the door. But I did not get far."

"You cannot come in here," said the doorkeeper.

"Why not? I asked in surprise; there are my seat tickets."

"Well, you cannot enter," he replied decisively; "your coat is a frock, and nothing but dress suits are allowed."

"I expostulated. I told him that my hotel was a long way off and that the ladies would be greatly disappointed; I was an American and did not know the rule of the theater."

"Finally he told me to go into the dressing room, where the attendants might perhaps be able to fix me out all right."

"I went, expecting to pay two or three crowns for the loan of a coat. The fellow looked at me for a second, whipped a pin from his lapel, and pinned my coat tails back, and I found myself in evening dress!"

"I gave the man half a crown."—St. Louis Chronicle.

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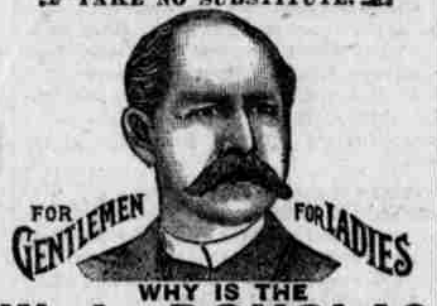
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